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McFINGAL OF TYRONE

OR THE

REVELATION OF OX

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McFINGAL OF TYRONE,

OR THE

REVELATION OF OX.

The Revelation of Ox to show unto the multitude those things which must shortly come to pass.

And go forth unto the people, for it hath been commanded of me that all which mine ears hear and mine eyes seest, that same shall be written in a book.

Therefore let him that readeth ponder.

And he that ponders let him reflect.

Reflecting, let him inwardly digest.

For verily I, Ox, the Keeper, say unto you the time is at hand, and the sign is upon us.

Be ye therefore cunning like unto a serpent.

And hedge.

And wise like unto an owl.

And trim.

Nor idiotic be,

And flop

For the time is at hand, and the sign is upon us, that

> "These great statesmen,
> When time has made bold with the king and subject,
> Throwing down all fence that stood 'twixt their pow'r
> And others' right, are on a change."

McFINGAL OF TYRONE.

Now it had come to pass that it was the first year of the reign of Benjamin, he that had succeeded the spouse of Frances, as chief high priest of the nation.

And it was nigh unto the season when the tap shops were few and wide apart, made so by venal justice rampant.

And behold there were politicians in the land.

And they were high priests and privy counselors.

Likewise were they smart alecks.

And stood on the pinnacles of city and state,

And waxed fat.

And had sand even unto their necks.

And coin of the realm had they in their inside pockets unto the extent of more than fifteen ducats.

Now chief among these was one McFingal, who had been born early in life,

In the Province of Tyrone, in the land of Chamrok, beyond the great seas.

And his vaccination took.

And having osculated the stone blarney

On a Black Ball Line packet had he come unto Manhattan.

Unto the Castle Garden therein.

And passed he the inspection.

For he had not been contracted

To labor in the Province of Pencoyd.

Now McFingal had good sandals with large spikes therein.
And he journeyed unto the land of Bill Penn, unto the Quaker borough.
And straightway took out he his papers.
Now, McFingal was an A. P. A.
Nor worked he the growler.
Nor visiteth he the spake asys
Nor chased he the duck.
Nor took he Willie for a walk
Nor possessed he any capillary embellishment upon his molars
Nor upon his incisors had he any hirsute growth.
Nor of hair on his store teeth.
But of sand in his neck he had great store.
And had gathered wisdom and showed great cunning.
And took unto himself heelers.
And gathered a vast multitude about him as one man.
And produced delegates unto a legion.
And pulled their legs.
And gave unto the people stiffs
And taffy.
And worked he rackets.
And shut eyes like unto the manner that Bigsix surnamed Billtwede did so in the land of Manhatta.
Which same is now the abiding place of him
That comforted not Maria, surnamed Halpin
Now McFingal long had a soft thing.
Likewise a hard cheek.
And of brogue had he a rare quantity
And it came to pass that he collected the tithes and taxes.

By plastic proxy.
Clay.
And don't you forget it.
But McFingal was up in g
Even up in spring g
And had a front pew
In the Traction Juggernaut
And from the people's bank got he all his spending money.
And was good unto the poor.
Like unto the manner in which the woman kept tavern.
For McFingal worshipped the stuff,
And tightened his grip on the shekels he gained.
Verily from his back likewise his belly did he spare to fatten his money sacks.
Nor laid he up treasures in heaven,
But in a strong box hard by his couch.
But McFingal was sore put and disturbed for the sign was upon him.
And the time was at hand,
For his enemies had risen and had in store for McFingal dire mischief,
Like unto wiping up of a floor with him.
And McFingal was not comforted, and communed with himself saying :
Behold, the sign cometh upon me and mine enemies are a legion.
Behold, I will go unto mine wicked partner and will hold sweet converse with him.
And a small, still voice spake unto him saying .
Go to ——
And he did so.

RELTIF, THE CORDSPINNER.

Now in the Quaker borough was situate The Temple of Administration.

Or the Circumlocution Office as it hath been named

And it was hard by the fifth chestnut.

And nigh unto the cabinet where dwelt Jo,

Not Jo-Jo.

But he that dispensed the bugjuice.

Nine ninety and nine.

And it had come to pass that Reltif, a learned cordspinner.

Had been chosen as the high priest of the borough.

Now Reltif was a rich man whose coffers were heavy laden with silver and with gold.

And had he of realty an abundance

And storehouses.

And McFingal was not so well heeled as Reltif.

Now Reltif, as high priest, had called unto his counsels certain wise men.

And they and Reltif ruled the people like unto the manner in which a fond father ruleth his child.

> Oh! mama buy me a jumping rope!
> No, dear, your papa makes them.

Abominations crushed he out

With the aid of his wise counselors.

Likewise called Reltif unto him certain wise men, they whose

pockets were heavy laden with the weight of their Ward arrondisements.

They who were known unto men as wardleaders,

The deliverers of goods,

Who fixed the workers in the political vineyard,

Who madeth the slates,

And made captive of the delegates

To the people's conventions in the large meeting-houses.

Now Reltif professed a great love for McFingal, but it was like unto the affection

That the feline has for the species rodent.

For Reltif was to the manor born,

While McFingal had his papers,

Which accounted for a one drop of the milk contained in the Cocoanut.

Now Reltif had high hopes,

Likewise brilliant aspirations,

Whose altitude was not made disturbed by

Bullitt bill.

For lo ! Reltif had set his eye on the White Temple which stood nigh unto the shores of the Potomac.

Even did he aspire to become mighty,

Like unto Don Juan,

He of the tribe of Kamorahn.

But McFingal had said him nay.

Yet Reltif was a subtle man, and could saw wood.

And he did so,

And being a cordspinner

Had gotten McFingal on a string,

And played with McFingal,
Even like a cat playeth with a mouse.
For Reltif paid court unto the opposition,
Likewise to them who were on the fence
And to the remnant of the one hundred committee,
And to the wardleaders,
Whom he full well knew were but water-bearers, and carried the same on both shoulders.
But Reltif could no longer be gracious unto McFingal.
And he called unto him his chosen, and held a caucus, and spake unto them in this wise :
Verily, verily, I say unto you, the time is at hand and the sign is upon McFingal.
Keep wise your counsels, and say not that which
I speak unto you in low voice,
For I am agin McFingal.
Are ye wid me
Through the thick and even unto the thin thereof ?
But they answered him not,
And spoke one unto the other in low voice, saying :
Hedge, Hedge, for the sign is upon McFingal, even as Reltif has spoken ;
Then again thundered forth Reltif : Hesitate ye not, for I have counsel and strength for this war, now answer
In whom will ye place your trust—
In McFingal, of Tyrone,
Or in me who hath communed with the big chief Wah-ne-maka ?
Likewise have I made covenant with Hahmdish, the sawbuilder.
Verily saw I him, yea, even did I raise him,

Likewise straddle his blind
And stood in
On a pat hand.
Likewise have I made sly covenant with Davemahr, the caughton.
And with Billedes, who failed of high honor, but will get there ;
And with Billstokh, the Martinet, the guardian of our borough peace, and in whom I am well pleased ;
Also with him that is like unto the iron man Tom Ferguson and hath sway over the gashouse tarriers ;
And with Retrop, the farmer who raiseth the asparagus and is a wise tinner and builder of the borough water-buckets ;
And with the medicine man Vulcanite, he who cureth the highways,
And layeth thereon the bicycle surface ;
And likewise with many others who know not where I stand,
But who hunger to know
For a sure snap
That I am agin
McFingal.
And Reltif looked wise, and yet spake unto them assembled :
Go ye your way, prepare, for the time is at hand, and the sign is upon McFingal.
For by this sign shall I cook his aquatic fowl, if I be but fixed,
For it has been ordained that unto the people shall be made manifest a new deal.
For lo ! from out of the land of Beaver there came unto the Quaker borough he that is known of all men
Mattstan,

He that lieth close unto Benjamin,
And who is agin McFingal.
Verily sought he mine ear, likewise mine affections, and hath laid glittering proposals at mine feet,
To my edification and delight if I but do his behests, even which will I do, for verily while I am but a mare I have horse sense.
And megalocephalitis, as hath been chronicled by Aleck
He that is up to the times
And they that were assembled marveled at his words.
And he found favor with them.
For the sign was upon them,
And the time was near at hand
To hedge
And step on the neck of McFingal with both feet
And make use of him like unto a mop-cloth.
For so had it been ordained by Mattstan, who had the pull.
And they hedged.
And Reltif journeyed unto the Konemaugh,
And looked upon the waste of waters,
And the tribulation of the people,
And the heart was rent in twain,
Of the good mare.

DAVEMAHR, THE CAUGHTON.

Now in the Quaker borough dwelt Davemahr,
He whom his father raised up
On a farm,
And in whom Mattstan was well concerned.
Now Davemahr was a young blood,
Withal a promising bud,
With a following like unto a Boss.
And Davemahr knew a thing or two
Now Davemahr rested his cephalic extremity on the bosom of Mattstan,
And they had forsworn McFingal.
And Mattstan spake unto Davemahr, saying :
Go to even unto the White Temple, nigh unto the Potomac ;
Tarry you there but a short season, and I will go unto you ;
And unto Benjamin will I speak in your praise ;
Nor shall the Prohibitionists assail you,
And Gimgosh, shall praise thee,
And thou shalt find favor in Benjamin's eyes ;
And honor shall come unto you,
And that also which cometh as a boon unto the politician—Patronage—
Unto the extent of eleven and one hundred.
And by my strong arm shalt thou be raised up if thou doest my behests.

And aid me to put
McFingal in the soup.
Speak, therefore, I command you ; wilt thou take in thy hands the reins of power
And pulverize McFingal,
The nincompoop from Tyrone,
And save thine and mine own white alley ?
And Davemahr answered :
You bet.
And he journeyed unto the White Temple
And caught on.
And Davemahr became a high priest in the Quaker borough.
And verily gaveth he out the orders unto the wardleaders, and unto them that were known of men as rounders and workers.
And Davemahr had gotten up even unto g,
From whence had McFingal
Taken a tumble.
And thus had it come to pass that Davemahr was Lieutenant over the Quaker borough,
And these were of his tribe :
Slackamos,
Nobbyjo,
Harehunter,
Solomon,
Billedes,
Jakewilde,
Josephus, who had hesitated,
Tam of the West
And Retrop.

HAHMDISH, THE SAWBUILDER.

Now there was a man of Benjamin, whose name was Hahmdish.
A sawbuilder and a wire-puller,
Who had of ducats a great store,
A founder of the Orion,
And who so loved his good uncle
Bilwrite
That he had made him a high sheriff.
Now Hahmdish had set up his booth on the broad highway of the Quaker borough
And he was beloved by the big injun
Wah-ne-maka.
Likewise had he gotten on the soft side of Mattstan,
But was hated unto fury by McFingal.
Nor loved he McFingal
By adamsite.
Nor made he rash promises unto his cohorts,
Neither had he fed his followers on ashes or scrapple in the Summer time.
Nor had he commanded them to fatten on snow balls in the winter season,
For Hahmdish had grown wise in his generation,
And possessed not a small cranium,
Nor had his perceptive organs or the receptacle thereof become swollen.

Long had he sawed wood,
And withal remembered former things he had done and those
that had been done unto him
By McFingal,
Who had put into the bouillon
His register Wilyum B.
He who manipulated the testaments of the dead
And had lifted up him
In law, a brother unto aleck.
A smart, cunning, shrewd aleck.
For this Hahmdish loved McFingal,
Like———
Or like a child loveth the oil castor
Or like the trustee of the gas loveth
The long promised suit in law
Or like unto the affection that Retrop hath for
Gimworke, the wool plucker.
But Hahmdish had counseled wisely and had abideth his time
to send out upon McFingal his wrath.
Therefore Hahmdish did a covenant make
With Wah-ne-maka,
And with Reltif,
And with Mattstan,
And with Davemahr,
And with Billedes,
And with Retrop,
To the end that he might knock out
McFingal,
The Tyrone tarrier.

Therefore spake up Hahmdish unto his chosen, saying :
Hearken unto my words and heed thou my commands, tarry at mine gates and watch daily by the posts of mine doors, for great shall be your reward—
Mint shalt thou have,
Bearers of sealed missives shalt thou be,
And unto the maid servants shalt thou deliver the toothsome postal cards ;
Verily shalt thou chuckle under the chin the nurse maids who propel the frisky perambulator over the section where lieth thy daily walks.
At the league island shalt thou disport thyselves,
And great shalt be your recompense ;
For verily I say unto you the time is at hand,
And the sign is upon McFingal,
For with his going down even am I up.
And mine is to counsel with sound wisdom,
And to harden my neck unto McFingal,
For verily will I put out his light, and shall watch even the setting of his sun.
For behold even now have I a pudding,
And unto McFingal will I give crow,
And he did so.
For Hahmdish had grown in favor and verily had he made appropriation of
The bun
And all of which accounteth for yet another drop of the lacteal fluid contained in the cocoanut.

BILLSTOKH, THE MARTINET.

Now it had come to pass that one Billstokh, a guardian of the peace and safety of the inhabitants of the Quaker borough,
Had been called unto the counsels of
Reltif, the cordspinner,
Who was the high priest and mighty ruler.
Now Billstokh had been born,
Like unto all men,
Of a woman
His parents were good people,
Withal poor
But honest.
At the early age of three
He took to pants and top boots.
With the advancing years of youth
He became an apprentice
Unto Arbeck, a fishermaiden,
And soon learned to stab
That succulent insect,
The roystering and nimble oyster.
For this got he his food and raiment,
Likewise became he a third hand
In a Pretzel foundry
And varnished the German fruit, likewise sandpapered it;
Likewise builded he the Dutch Cakes—

They with the ringworm on top
And those without—
And he took the bakery ;
Also did his cunning hand make the Hokey Pokey bricks
Both in English
And the Italian vernacular.
And likewise madeth he the yellow jack;
Likewise ran he with the Harmony machine
And was a bunker.
For verily he was a fire laddie,
And subdued the fiery element,
And wore a fire hat
Surpassing in beauty
The tile of Poisebenarose

"Where did you get that hat?
Where did you get that hat?
A nobby one I do declare:
Ox wants one just like that."

Now Billstokh grew apace
And raised corns and bunions and—
And became likened of many men,
And waxed fat.
Now Billstokh gave a great lep (leap),
And was made a chief mogul
Not once
Nor twice,
But even thrice,
But got it in the jugular on the fourth round
From King.

And Billstokh retired unto private life
From court intrigue,
From bickering faction far,
Until called unto a high place
By Reltif, the cordspinner,
To manage the cops,
And crush out abominations
And bawdy houses
And poke-shops
And tea-checks
And grab-bags
And fantan
And rat-shops
And faro banks
And thron gardens
And homeyards
And mettlers
And roops
And white elephants
And boxing retreats
And gyps
And fakirs
And rumandmusic
And discordant Pughtown harmony
And thirty percents on printing contracts,
And the more innocent grab bags at church fairs
And raffles for dressing and study gowns for the pastor
And ditto for slippers for ditto
And dice chucking for widows' benefits

And ditto ditto for eight day stoves,
And he did so.
Like ———
Yet Billstokh was a terror to the evil doer,
For ever and anon had he hay on his horns,
And they did beware of him ;
And in the consomme did he put
The sleepy cop.
And verily he was the keeper
Of the chronique scandaluse
Of the Quaker borough.
But Billstokh was wise in his time, and when he had heard these new things and had hearkened unto the words of Reltif, he spoke in low voice, saying :
Billstokh, get you not left.
And lo ! Billstokh was a trimmer,
Even with the agility that had he been a stabber.
But Billstokh was a nix cum arouze,
Which is revealeth later on,
And which goeth to show that Billstokh, he that with the machine ran, and he that the pretzel varnished and sand-papered, is no longer likened of men.

RENGAW, THE IRON MAN.

Now had it come to pass that in the german town dwelt one Rengaw, surnamed the iron man,
A warrior bold, and bytimes called Tom Ferguson.
Him who had led the serried columns to the very cannon's mouth.
For hath it not been chronicled that the colored troops fought bravely ?
Verily it has.
And did they bounty obtain ?
They did.
And did Rengaw?
What man knoweth of this?
But Rengaw was wise, like unto a jackmule,
And possessed mule sense,
And hungered to be a mare.
Now Rengaw was a director,
And sold unto the inhabitants of the Quaker borough water and light, or melted wind,
Likewise kept he the borough highways in order ;
And had honest servants unto his house
Like unto him that peached,
Ahsmed, a deputy.
Now Rengaw had in councils been,
Likewise a recorder,
And other snaps had he availed himself of ;
But Rengaw desired even greater things ;

And behold he, too, became a trimmer,
Likewise a hedger,
And possessed he perseverance, the son of faith, the twin brother of pluck, and grandfather of success;
And he took counsel with Reltif, in whom he was well pleased.
And Reltif softened his heart unto Rengaw and said:
Rengaw, thou hast been unto me a faithful servant,
But unto the contractors your name is Mud.
Why is this thus?
And Rengaw answered, saying: Alas! good master, thou knowest not how sore tried has been my patience with the boss rammers and pavers.
From the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof have I compelled been to watch with eyes like unto a hawk the city gravel;

Verily I say unto you, good master, have I kept one eye open for the public good and with the other optic have I kept diligent watch to fall into thy old sandals.
And Reltif marveled unto himself and in secret said:
Rengaw knoweth not the man of books, the Stuart;
And Reltif kept silence;
And Rengaw was sore put,
For the sign was upon him, and yet, while he trimmer was, he found no favor in the eyes of the people—
Which goeth to show that Rengaw, he that hath mule sense,
Cannot enter the temple of administration;
For verily it is as hard for a poor man a license to get
As for Rengaw to be a mare—
Which same puttest thou, Rengaw, into thine pipe and smoke thereof.

OX.

Now he that testifieth unto these things, and which is written unto his name,
Is Ox, the keeper.
Seal ye not his sayings nor ignore his prophecy,
And let no man taketh away from the words of his book ;
For verily the sign is upon the people, and the time is at hand—
Ox to the six :
Reltif,
Billstokh,
Davemahr,
Hahmdish,
Rengaw,
McFingal,
Political grace and peace be unto ye.

RELTIF.

"Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises, and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest and despair most sits."

Reltif, I know thy works, thy labor and thy patience, even of thy funny business am I cognizant.

How canst thou bear them which thou callest in thy heart evil?

Thou hast labored nor hast thou fainted;

Nevertheless I have somewhat against thee;

For thou art even unto a trimmer,

And thou wouldst cast a stumbling block

Not in thine own path.

But unto that of Don Juan, he of the tribe of Kamorahn,

For thine eyes resteth upon and thy heart hungers after his "posish"

That which thou hast already has set a glittering seal in thine eye

Of higher office.

Thou has of that which is known unto man as voluminosusceph-alitis

Trim therefore, for thou art lukewarm, and if thou be neither cold nor hot thou shalt be spew out of the mouth.

Therefore trim.

Set thine anger against McFingal,

And keep before thee the words of Mattstan if thou wouldst succeed.

BILLSTOKH.

" Let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in their presence reassure
My feeble virtues."

Billstokh, I know thy works,
And that thou hast a name ;
Be watchful of it.
I know thy works.
Behold, I have set before thee an open door,
And no man can shut it until thou hast passed through.
Thou hast little strength
Lay not your mind unto high things,
And makest not a present of thy opinions too frequent.
For thou art like unto a barnacle.
Hold thou fast to that which thou hast while yet it last,
For thou art named a Dennis.
Anoint thine eyes with eyesalve that thou may seest,
That thou hast passed beyond the thoughts of thy fellows.
For thou art dead like unto a doornail
Politically,
Yea, like unto a multitude of soi disant political hacks thou art dead.
Thou art bid retire unto the sequestered shades of thine own vine and fig tree
Do so,
For a great light shalt drown thy weak lustre.
Go to, do.

DAVEMAHR.

"You have deeply ventured,
But all must do so who would greatly win."

Davemahr, I know thy works ;
Thou art even like unto a daisy,
Fair to look upon ;
Thou art no sardine,
Thou takest the cake
Thou art high cock-a-lorum
And hast found favor,
And thou shalt be praised,
And be called familiarly
By thy front name.
And they that have of the axe to grind shall fall down before and worship thee,
Not only for thine own sake, but also for that of Mattstan,
Whom now is likened unto a
Perfect brick.
Verily thou art in great glee
And thou chucklest inwardly.
Canst thou perform all that which thou hast promised ?
Keep thine own self up,
Hold others low,
But soar not too nigh the sun,
Nor melt thy golden wings.

Thou art now greater than before.
Let not thy new post betray thee into pride.
Hold your base,
Steal second,
But beware of McFingal
At the home plate.
Thou must needs be wise beyond thy generation.
Be so.

HAHMDISH.

"Had I miscarried, I had been a villain;
For men judge actions always by events:
But when we manage by a just foresight,
Success is prudence, and possession right."

HAHMDISH, I know thy works;
Yea, even thy saw-works,
And thy labor and thy patience,
Thy disappointments and thy woes;
But now art thou even like unto a bully boy with a crockery optic;
For verily hast thou made captive
Of Benjamin,
Likewise the big chief Wah-ne-maka,
And also of Kin-ka-de, the spread-legged Piute,
And of the gang entire,
And by thy honied words everything seemeth lovely,
And thy feathered bird is at great altitude.
More power to you,
Which is Irish and which thou hatest,
Even as thou hatest McFingal.
Nuff ced.

RENGAW.

"I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition which overleaps itself
And falls on the other side."

RENGAW, I know thy works;
Warrior hast thou been,
But thou hast not found favor;
Thou hast of temper an uneven quantity, and thou lackest popularity.
Thou art not set down as a bully boy;
Neither art thou like unto a perfect brick.
Verily thou art too fresh.
Thou canst run anybody else's machine, but thou canst not run thine own.
Thou art a delicate parcel, but
I have somewhat against thee, for thou art filled with vanity;
Even dost thou think that the sun riseth and setteth on thee.
Like unto McFingal, thou art a back number;
Thou art a low cock-a-highrem.
Thou puttest thy wits upon a whetstone, and a keen edge on thy language.

"So dost thou aim thy darts which, even when
They kill, the poisons do but wake the men."

Thou hast allowed thy wisdom to run a-muck,
Thou art a splinter

And, lo! a wooden man
Bait thou thy hook with hope.
'Tis fortune's cheating lottery, and thou shalt draw
A blank.
Hope,
'Twill court thee on with gleams that shall delude thee,
And, lo! that which thou countest upon will be
A dream.
And like as thou hast done, that same shall be done unto thee,
For thou art blacklisted,
And thou flounderest in the broth.

McFINGAL.

"Such a house broke!
So *noble* a master fallen! all gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm
And go along with him?"

"Thus does the ever changing course of things
Run a perpetual circle, ever turning;
And that same day, that highest glory brings,
Brings us unto the point of back returning."

McFINGAL, I know thy works;
Two strikes have been called on thee;
Even thou hast borne and hast patience,
Slide, McFingal, slide.
And for thy followers hast thou done a heap much;
Them hast thou lovest, yea, even hast thou had for them the tooth-ache of the heart.
Murdering turf howld yer base.
Nevertheless I have somewhat against thee, for thou art filled with avarice.
Remember, therefore, from whence thou art fallen
Even into the soup.
I know thy works, oh, McFingal,
And thou art red hot;
But it availeth thee not one jot or tittle,
For behold, like unto Billstokh, I set thee before an open door;
Pass thou through the same:

For Davemahr hath so ordained.

McFingal, thou art a back number.

Say, mon, can't you see the ball?

Takest thou up thy lines unto more pleasant places.

Well hast thou progged and plotted

And gave with lavish hand unto thy followers of the official cream.

What hast thou gained if what thou gainest

Lose but its careful keeper?

McFingal, thou of Tyrone, thy golden dream is o'er.

> "The cheat, ambition, eager to expouse
> Dominion, courts it with a lying show,
> And shines in borrowed pomp to serve a turn;
> But the match made, the farce is at an end."

And lo, McFingal, all

> "the hireling equipage of virtues,
> Faith, honor, justice, gratitude and friendship,
> Discharged at once."

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